

MEMOIRS of General William T. Sherman.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

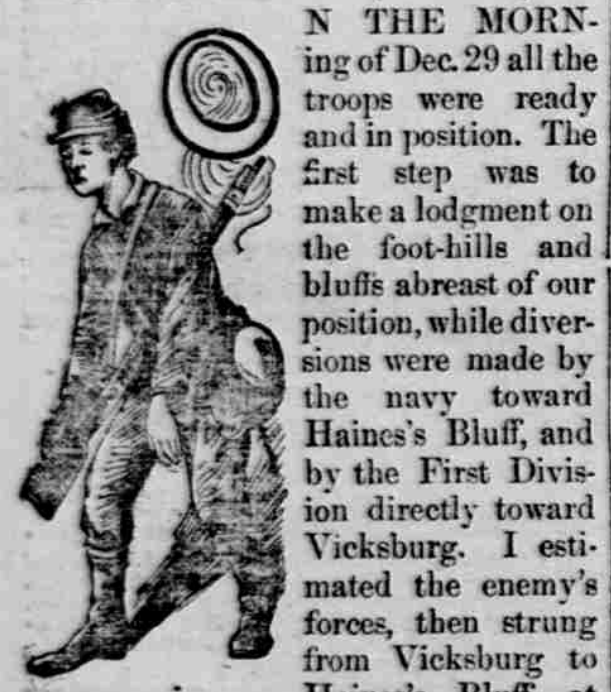
THE DEFEAT AT CHICKASAW BAYOU.

GEN. MCCLERNAND ASSUMES COMMAND.

Successful Expedition Against Arkansas Post.

GREAT SUCCESS ACHIEVED AT SMALL COST.

CHAPTER XII.—(continued).



ON THE MORNING of Dec. 29 all the troops were ready and in position. The first step was to make a lodgment on the foot-hills and bluffs abreast of our position, while diversions were made by the navy toward Haines's Bluff, and by the First Division directly toward Vicksburg. I estimated the enemy's forces, then strung from Vicksburg to Haines's Bluff, at 15,000 men, commanded by the rebel Gens. Martin Luther Smith and Stephen D. Lee. Aiming to reach firm ground beyond this bayou, and to leave as little time for our enemy to reinforce as possible, I determined to make a show of attack along the whole front, but to break across the bayou at the two points named, and give general orders accordingly. I pointed out to Gen. Morgan the place where he could pass the bayou, and he answered, "General, in 10 minutes after you give the signal I'll be on those hills." He was to lead his division in person, and was to be supported by Steele's Division. The front was very narrow, and immediately opposite, at the base of the hills about 300 yards from the bayou, was a rebel battery, supported by an infantry force posted on the spur of the hill behind. To draw attention from this, the real point of attack, I gave instructions to commence

THE ATTACK AT THE FLANKS.

I went in person about a mile to the right rear of Morgan's position, at a place convenient to receive reports from all other parts of the line; and about noon of Dec. 29 gave the orders and signal for the main attack. A heavy artillery-fire opened along our whole line, and was replied to by the rebel batteries, and soon the infantry-fire opened heavily, especially on A. J. Smith's front, and in front of Gen. George W. Morgan. One brigade (De Courcy's) of Morgan's troops crossed the bayou safely, but took to cover behind the bank, and could not be moved



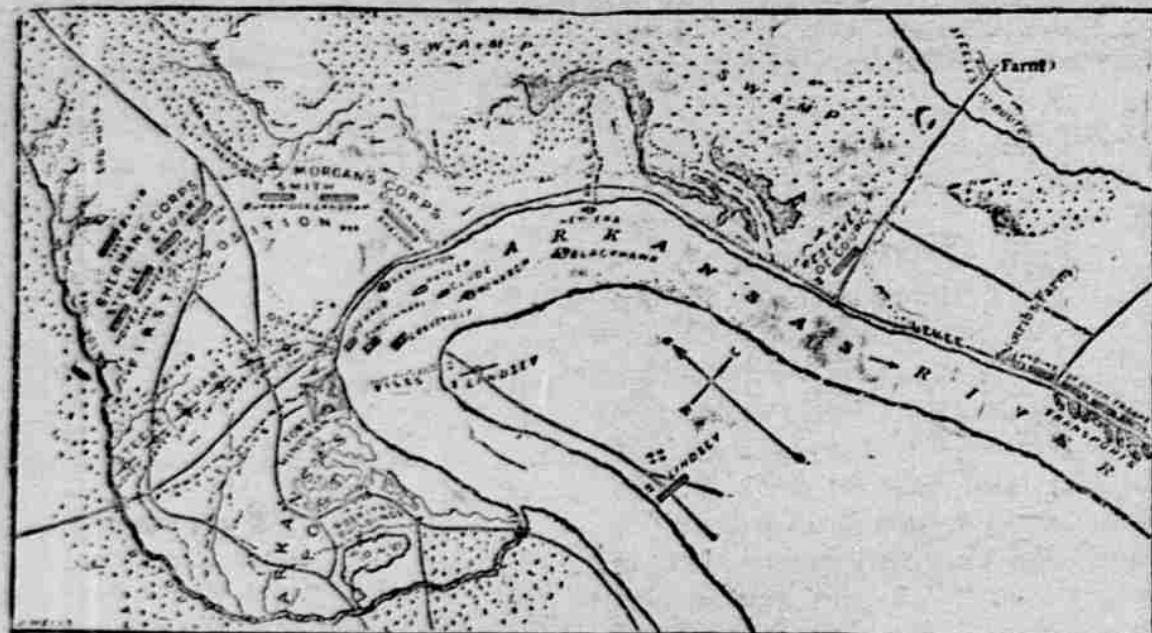
GEN. JOHN A. MCCLERNAND.

forward. Frank Blair's Brigade, of Steele's Division, in support, also crossed the bayou, passed over the space of level ground to the foot of the hills; but, being unsupported by Morgan, and meeting a very severe cross-fire of artillery, was staggered and gradually fell back, leaving about 500 men behind, wounded and prisoners, among them Col. Thomas Fletcher, afterward Governor of Missouri. Part of Thayer's Brigade took a wrong direction, and did not cross the bayou at all; nor did Gen. Morgan cross in person. This attack failed, and I have always felt that it was due to

THE FAILURE OF GEN. G. W. MORGAN to obey his orders, or to fulfill his promise made in person. Had he used with skill and boldness one of his brigades, in addition to that of Blair's, he could have made a lodgment on the bluff, which would have opened the door for

our whole force to follow. Meantime the 6th Mo., at heavy loss, had also crossed the bayou at the narrow passage lower down, but could not ascend the steep bank; right over their heads was a rebel battery, whose fire was in a measure kept down by our sharpshooters (13th U. S.) posted behind logs, stumps and trees on our side of the bayou.

The men of the 6th Mo. actually scooped out with their hands caves in the bank, which sheltered them against the fire of the enemy, who, right over their heads, held their muskets outside the parapet vertically, and fired down. So critical was the position that we could not recall the men till after dark, and then one at a time. Our loss had been pretty heavy, and we had accomplished nothing, and had inflicted little loss on our enemy. At first I intended to renew the assault, but soon became satisfied that the enemy's attention having been drawn to the only two practicable points, it would prove too costly, and accordingly resolved to look elsewhere for a



MAP OF THE BATTLE OF ARKANSAS POST.

point below Haines's Bluff, or Blake's plantation. That night I conferred with Admiral Porter, who undertook to cover the landing; and the next day (Dec. 30) the boats were all selected, but so alarmed were the Captains and Pilots that we had to place sentinels with loaded muskets to insure their remaining at their posts. Under cover of night Steele's Division, and one brigade of Stuart's, were drawn out of line, and quietly embarked on steamboats in the Yazoo River. The night of Dec. 30 was appointed for this force, under the command of Gen. Fred Steele, to proceed up the Yazoo just below Haines's Bluff, there to disembark about daylight, and make a dash for the hills. Meantime we had strengthened our positions near Chickasaw Bayou, had all our guns in good position with parapets, and had every thing ready to renew our attack as soon as we heard the sound of battle above.

At midnight I left Admiral Porter on his gunboat; he had his fleet ready and the night was propitious. I rode back to camp and gave orders for all to be ready by daybreak; but when daylight came I received a note from Gen. Steele reporting that, before his boats had got up steam, the fog had settled down on the river so thick and impenetrable, that it was simply impossible to move; so the attempt had to be abandoned. The rain, too, began to fall, and the trees bore water-marks 10 feet above our heads, so that I became convinced that the part of wisdom was to withdraw. I ordered the stores which had been landed to be re-embarked on the boats, and preparations made for all the troops to regain their proper boats during the night of the 1st of January, 1863. From our camps at Chickasaw we could hear the whistles of the trains arriving in Vicksburg, could see battalions of men marching up toward Haines's Bluff and taking post at all points in our front. I was more than convinced that heavy reinforcements were coming to Vicksburg; whether from Pemberton at Grenada, Bragg in Tennessee, or from other sources, I could not tell; but at no point did the enemy assume the offensive; and when we drew off our rear-guard, on the morning of the 2d, they simply followed up the movement, timidly. Up to that moment I had not heard a word from Gen. Grant

since leaving Memphis, and most assuredly I had listened for days for the sound of his guns in the direction of Yazoo City. On the morning of Jan. 2 all my command were again afloat in their proper steamboats, when Admiral Porter told me that

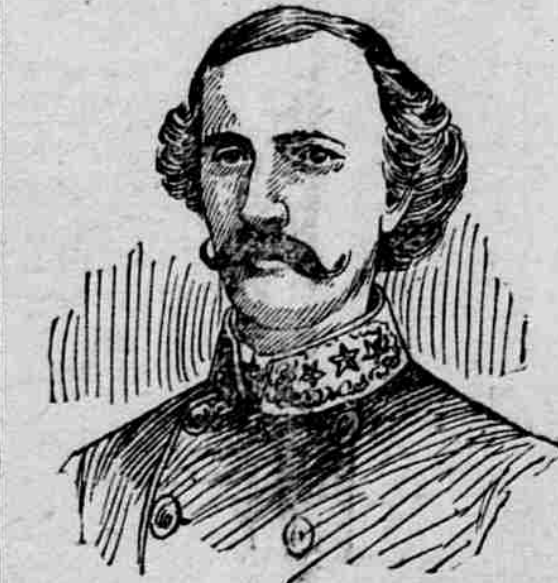
GEN. MCCLERNAND HAD ARRIVED at the mouth of the Yazoo in the steamboat Tigress, and that it was rumored he had come down to supersede me. Leaving my whole force where it was, I ran down to the mouth of the Yazoo in a small tugboat, and there found Gen. McClernand, with orders from the War Department to command the expeditionary force on the Mississippi River. I explained what had been done, and what was the actual state of facts; that the heavy reinforcements pouring into Vicksburg must be Pemberton's army, and that Gen. Grant must be near at hand. He informed me that Gen. Grant was not coming at all; that his depot at Holly Springs had been captured by Van Dorn, and that he had drawn back from Coffeeville and Oxford to Holly Springs and La Grange; and, further, that Quinby's Division of Grant's army was actually at Memphis for stores when he passed down. This, then, fully explained how Vicksburg was being reinforced. I saw that any attempt on the place from the Yazoo was hopeless; and, with Gen. McClernand's full approval, we all came out of the Yazoo, and on the 3d of January rendezvoused at Milliken's Bend, about 10 miles above. On the 4th Gen. McClernand issued his General Order No. 1, assuming command of the Army of the Mississippi, divided into two corps; the first to be commanded by Gen. Morgan, composed of his own and A. J. Smith's Divisions; and the second, composed of Steele's and Stuart's Divisions, to be commanded by me. Up to that time the army had been styled the right wing of (Gen. Grant's) Thirteenth Corps, and numbered about 30,000 men. The aggregate loss during the time of my command, mostly on the 29th of December, was 175 killed, 930 wounded and 743 prisoners. According to Badeau, the rebels lost 63 killed, 134 wounded and 10 prisoners.

IT AFTERWARD TRANSPIRED that Van Dorn had captured Holly Springs on the 20th of December, and that Gen. Grant fell back very soon after.

have broken the rebel line, and effected a lodgment on the hills behind Vicksburg. Gen. Frank Blair was outspoken and indignant against Gens. Morgan and De Courcy at the time, and always abused me for assuming the whole blame. But had we succeeded we might have found ourselves in a worse trap when Gen. Pemberton was at full liberty to turn his whole force against us.

While I was engaged at Chickasaw Bayou Admiral Porter was equally busy in the Yazoo River, threatening the enemy's batteries at Haines's and Snyder's Bluffs above. In a sharp engagement he lost one of his best officers in the person of Capt. Gwin, United States Navy, who, though on board an ironclad, insisted on keeping his post on deck, where he was struck in the breast by a round shot, which carried away the muscle and contused the lung within, from which he died a few days after. We of the army deplored his loss quite as much as his fellows of the navy, for he had been intimately associated with us in our previous operations on the Tennessee River, at Shiloh and above, and we had come to regard him as one of us.

On the 4th of January, 1863, our fleet of transports was collected at Milliken's



GEN. T. J. CHURCHILL, C. S. A.

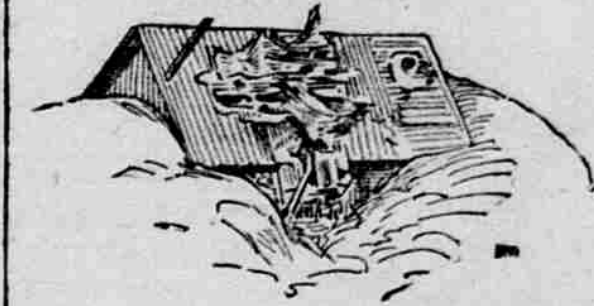
Bend, about 10 miles above the mouth of the Yazoo, Admiral Porter remaining with his gunboats at the Yazoo. Gen. John A. McClernand was in chief command, Gen. George W. Morgan commanded the First Corps, and I the Second Corps of the Army of the Mississippi.

I had learned that a small steamboat, the Blue Wing, with a mail, towing coal-barges and loaded with ammunition, had left Memphis for the Yazoo about the 20th of December, had been captured by a rebel boat which had come out of the Arkansas River, and had been carried up that river to Fort Hindman. We had reports from this fort, usually called the

"POST OF ARKANSAS," about 40 miles above the mouth, that it was held by about 5,000 rebels, was an inclosed work, commanding the passage of the river, but was supposed to be easy of capture from the rear. At that time I don't think Gen. McClernand had any definite views or plans of action. If so, he did not impart them to me. He spoke in general terms of opening the navigation of the Mississippi, "cutting his way to the sea," etc., but the *modus operandi* was not so clear. Knowing full well that we could not carry on operations against Vicksburg as long as the rebels held the Post of Arkansas, whence to attack our boats coming and going without convoy, I visited him on his boat, the Tigress, took with me a boy who had been on the Blue Wing and had escaped, and asked leave to go up the Arkansas to clear out the Post. He made various objections, but consented to go with me to see Admiral Porter about it. We got up steam in the Forest Queen during the night of Jan. 4, stopped at the Tigress, took Gen. McClernand on board, and proceeded down the river by night to the Admiral's boat, the Black Hawk, lying in the mouth of the Yazoo. It must have been near midnight, and Admiral Porter was in *deshabille*. We were seated in his cabin, and I explained my views about Arkansas Post and asked his co-operation. He said that he was short of coal and could not use wood in his ironclad boats. Of these I asked for two, to be commanded by Capt. Shirk or Phelps, or some officer of my acquaintance. At that moment poor Gwin lay on his bed in a state-room close by dying from the effect of the cannon-shot received at Haines's Bluff, as before described.

PORTER'S MANNER TO MCCLERNAND was so curt that I invited him out into a forward cabin, where he had his charts, and asked him what he meant by it. He said that "he did not like him"; that in Washington, before coming West, he had been introduced to him by President Lincoln, and he had taken a strong prejudice against him. I begged him, for the sake of harmony, to waive that, which he promised to do. Returning to the cabin, the conversation was resumed, and, on our offering to tow his gunboats up the river to save coal, and on renewing the request for Shirk to command the detachment, Porter said, "Suppose I go along myself?" I answered, if he would do so, it would insure the success of the enterprise. At that time I supposed Gen. McClernand would send me on this business, but he concluded to go himself, and to take his whole force. Orders were at once issued for the troops to disembark at Milliken's Bend, but to re-

main as they were on board the transports. My two divisions were commanded—the First, by Brig.-Gen. Frederick Steele, with three brigades, commanded by Brig.-Gens. F. P. Blair, C. E. Hovey, and J. M. Thayer; the Second, by Brig.-Gen. D. Stuart, with two



CASEMATE ON THE EASTERN CURTAIN OF FORT HINDMAN, SHOWING EFFECT FROM THE UNION GUNS.

brigades, commanded by Col. G. A. Smith and T. Kilby Smith. The whole army, embarked on steamboats, conveyed by the gunboats, of which three were ironclads, proceeded up the Mississippi River to the mouth of White River, which we reached Jan. 8. On the next day we continued up White River to the "Cut-off"; through this to the Arkansas, and up the Arkansas to Notrib's farm, just below Fort Hindman. Early the next morning we disembarked. Stuart's Division, moving up the river along the bank, soon encountered a force of the enemy intrenched behind a line of earthworks, extending from the river across to the swamp. I took Steele's Division, marching by the flank by a road through the swamp to the firm ground behind, and was moving up to get to the rear of Fort Hindman, when Gen. McClernand overtook me, with the report that the rebels had abandoned their first position, and had fallen back into the fort. By his orders, we counter-marched, recrossed the swamp, and hurried forward to overtake Stuart, marching for Fort Hindman. The first line of the rebels was about four miles below Fort Hindman, and the intervening space was densely wooded and obscure, with the exception of some old fields back of and close to the fort. During the night, which was a bright moonlight one, we reconnoitered close up, and found a large number of huts which had been abandoned, and the whole rebel force had fallen back into and about the fort. Personally I crept up to a stump so close that I could hear the enemy hard at work, pulling down houses, cutting with axes and building intrenchments. I could almost hear their words, and I was thus listening when, about 4 a. m., the bugler in the rebel camp sounded as pretty a reveille as I ever listened to.

When daylight broke it revealed to us a NEW LINE OF PARAPET straight across the peninsula, connecting Fort Hindman, on the Arkansas River bank, with the impassable swamp about a mile to its left or rear. This peninsula was divided into two nearly equal parts by a road. My command had the ground to the right of the road, and Morgan's Corps that to the left. McClernand had his quarters still on the Tigress, back at Notrib's farm, but moved forward that morning (Jan. 11) to a place in the woods to our rear, where he had a man up a tree to observe and report the movements.

There was a general understanding with Admiral Porter that he was to attack the fort with his three ironclad gunboats directly by its water-front, while we assaulted by land in the rear. About 10 a. m. I got a message from Gen. McClernand, telling me where he could be found, and asking me what we were waiting for. I answered that we were then in close contact with the enemy, viz., about 500 or 600 yards off; that the next movement must be a direct assault; that this should be simultaneous along the whole line, and that I was waiting to hear from the gunboats, asking him to notify Admiral Porter that we were all ready. In about half an hour I heard the clear ring of the navy guns, the fire gradually increasing in rapidity and advancing toward the fort. I had distributed our field-guns, and when I judged the time had come, I gave the orders to begin. The intervening ground between us and the enemy was a dead level, with the exception of one or two small gullies, and our men had no cover but the few standing trees and some logs on the ground. The troops advanced well under a heavy fire, once or twice falling to the ground for a sort of rest or pause. Every tree had its group of men, and behind each log was a crowd of sharpshooters, who kept up so hot a fire that the rebel troops fired wild. The fire of the fort proper



GEN. SAMUEL GARLAND, JR., C. S. A.

tack the fort with his three ironclad gunboats directly by its water-front, while we assaulted by land in the rear. About 10 a. m. I got a message from Gen. McClernand, telling me where he could be found, and asking me what we were waiting for. I answered that we were then in close contact with the enemy, viz., about 500 or 600 yards off; that the next movement must be a direct assault; that this should be simultaneous along the whole line, and that I was waiting to hear from the gunboats, asking him to notify Admiral Porter that we were all ready. In about half an hour I heard the clear ring of the navy guns, the fire gradually increasing in rapidity and advancing toward the fort. I had distributed our field-guns, and when I judged the time had come, I gave the orders to begin. The intervening ground between us and the enemy was a dead level, with the exception of one or two small gullies, and our men had no cover but the few standing trees and some logs on the ground. The troops advanced well under a heavy fire, once or twice falling to the ground for a sort of rest or pause. Every tree had its group of men, and behind each log was a crowd of sharpshooters, who kept up so hot a fire that the rebel troops fired wild. The fire of the fort proper

(Continued on second page.)

THE GREAT MORGAN RAID.

The True Story of the Capture of the Terror of Three States.

A DASHING LEADER.

Superior Equipment for Predatory Warfare Against Federals.

PURSUING THE RAIDERS.

Official Statement of the Surrender, as Made at the Time.

BY THE CAPTOR HIMSELF, GEO. W. RUE, MAJOR 9TH KY. CAV., HAMILTON, O.



HE GREAT raid of John H. Morgan through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio was one of the most remarkable episodes of the war of the rebellion. The perversions and misunderstandings of the facts connected with the pursuit and capture of the bold and dashing leader, justify me in com-

plying with requests to write a true history of the whole matter.

I was in the war with Mexico with Gen. Morgan, and we were born and raised within 30 miles of each other; yet



THE MORGAN RAIDERS IN A KENTUCKY TOWN.

I never met him or talked with him until the day I captured him. He was a man of splendid physique, being about six feet one inch high, and was commanding in appearance and affable in his manners.

At the very commencement of the war he began raising a command for the rebellion. His command was composed largely of the sons of the aristocracy of central Kentucky. Among his officers were Gen. Basil Duke, Col. Cluke, Richard Morgan, Taylor, Schenault, Coleman, and others; in all of them he had brave and able Lieutenants.

His command was most admirably equipped. He himself was an expert horseman and a graceful rider, and his men were from the wealthy families of the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky; every one selected and rode his own horse, chosen from the best blood of the State. Never was there a better set of men and horses put together for raiding, which Morgan at once commenced when he entered the rebel service, and was remarkably successful. Military men were surprised and startled. He would dash into Kentucky, capture and rifle railroad trains, cut and destroy telegraph wires, burn bridges, and strip the State of the best horses and commit other manifold depredations; and then he would dash out of the State, eluding every effort of the Federal forces to capture or crush him.

His command increased in numbers and efficiency, and he prosecuted, with uninterrupted success, that system of predatory warfare, until he was a terror to the loyal people of Kentucky. The mention of his name caused the loyal ones, men and women alike, to tremble with fear.

Gen. Morgan was especially adapted for a raider, and I must say that he was the most successful one that the world has ever produced. History is full of great cavalry raids and exploits, celebrated in verse and poetry, but nothing like the raid of Morgan and his men through Indiana and Ohio has ever been known in the annals of warfare; daring as he was cunning, ambitious for reputation, the idol of his troops, who were the picked men of Kentucky, he had become famous long before he came north of the Ohio River. No commander rested in security when Morgan was known to be within 50 miles of his camping ground; each trooper mounted

on his own horse, selected with reference to

SPEED AND ENDURANCE, without any compensation to the owner; for when any of Morgan's men wanted a horse, he got a good one.

Is it a matter of wonder, then, that he made such unparalleled marches, attacking where least expected and outstripping all pursuit and escaping capture? He had become so wide awake and alert that commissary supplies and horses were easily obtained, so that the old refrain "John Morgan's got your mule" was heard from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico.

It was the 10th day of June, 1863, that Morgan announced to his men at Alexander, Tenn., his intention to make a raid into Ohio. About July 2 he made his appearance at Burksville, Ky., and made an attempt to cross the Cumberland River.

Col. Jacob, of the 9th Ky. Cav., met his advance and drove him back. Morgan finally crossed the Cumberland River in three divisions in old, inferior boats; as the river at that time was high and not fordable, a part of Morgan's horses were swum over the stream.

Gen. Judah was then in command of the Army of the Cumberland, and did not make any great effort to keep Morgan from coming into Kentucky. I have always believed that if the cavalry force had been in the command of Gen. Hobson, that Morgan would have been met and destroyed in detail before he could have concentrated his forces on the north of the Cumberland River. Gen. Hobson had the men and means to have done it, but had to obey the orders of Gen. Judah.

Gen. Morgan made his appearance before Lebanon on July 5, early in the morning, having been repulsed by Col. Moore, of Michigan, at Green River bridge, with heavy loss. Col. Hanson, who had command at Lebanon, was in



bad shape to receive him, but fought most bravely with his 400 men. One of Morgan's brothers, Thomas Morgan, 19 years old, fell here. Col. Hanson surrendered about noon same day, after a most desperate fight. Morgan then took up his march for the Ohio River, going through Springfield, Bardonia, capturing a train on the L. & N. Railway, and so on to Brandenburg, on the Ohio River, where he arrived on the 7th day of July, 1863, and crossed over into Indiana.

This was done with great anxiety, as he did not know what was on the Indiana side to contend with, and as steamboats had to be captured to get his men and horses over; besides his force had to be divided on both sides of the stream. Gen. Hobson, who was in command of the cavalry, was in hot pursuit. When they got in sight of the Ohio River, they could see the flames ascending from the burning boats that Morgan had used



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN, C. S. A. to cross his force over the river to the other side, and could distinctly hear the triumphal shouts of the rebel raiders on the other side.

Gen. Hobson lost no time, but as quickly as possible he obtained transports and crossed over in hot chase; yet this consumed about 24 hours before he could resume the march on the Indiana side. Morgan did not meet with any

GREAT OPPOSITION. The militia at Corydon, Ind., and at Harrison, O., delayed him some by showing fight, but they were not a great obstacle to his progress.

Basil Duke, in his history of the raid, says: "The country was full of supplies,